

THE REV. WM. BARNEY.

At a table made of rough boards fixed between two trees, on seats of the same construction, sat a party of miners in the national game, poker. The coolest man at the table, was a sleek looking person about forty and the most agitated was a young fellow scarcely twenty-one, with light hair and blue eyes. He had been losing heavily, nearly all his losses passing into the pile of the sleek man.

A ministerial looking man approached the table and invited the players to stop their unholy game and join in religious exercises he was to conduct in a grove up the hillside. The gamblers paid no attention to the invitation, and the parson, making a virtue of necessity, stood looking on at the game.

Every one at the table looked astonished. The youngster glanced up at the speaker and was about to proceed in the management of his own affairs when the woman took a hand in the argument and persuaded him to intrust them to the parson. The surprise at the turn affairs had taken was not unshared with contempt at the idea of a parson attempting to buck against regulars at the game. Without noticing it he took a seat behind the young man's chips representing some ten or twelve dollars, and began to play.

It was noticeable that all the large hands were played when the sleek man dealt. At such times the parson kept out. He would bet occasionally, and the pile before him increased. The sleek man watched him for a time, then he made up his mind he would make an easy prey.

It was the sleek man's turn to deal. There was a jackpot to be opened, and it was opened with a big bet. Both the parson and the sleek man came in. When the parson looked at his hand he started. Everybody knew that he had a remarkable hand or was preparing for a bluff. The sleek man knew what cards he held, for he had given him those he wanted him to have. The parson before betting laid his hand ace down on the table and said:

"Gents, this yere game is not for one o' my persuasion. I want y' to understand that I plays for this boy and his wife, who can't afford to lose. I got a hand that ought to help them put—that is, if none o' you have got a bigger one. Suppose we take off the limit."

After this voluntary information every one passed out except the sleek man, who made no objection to raising the limit, and the pile in the center of the table grew rapidly. Something seemed to be wrong with the button that held the parson's back right hand suspender, for he was absent-mindedly hitching at it. When he and his opponent were tired of raising each other the sleek man "called." Throwing his hand on the table face up, the parson called "Four jacks," at the same time taking his right hand away from toying with his suspender button and with it a six shooter, which he thrust under the nose of the sleek man. Fixing his steel gray eye on his opponent he continued:

"It ain't usual for two hands of four of a kind to happen in the same game and it would be very unusual for two in the four highest hands that can be held to fall in the same deal. If you got four aces or kings or queens I wouldn't recommend you to turn your cards over, for if you got one of them three hands I shall consider it my duty in maintainin' a fair game to shoot."

As the parson spoke he drew the pile on the table toward him and told the young woman to gather it in. She scraped it into her apron and made off with it as fast as she could run.

"I don't play cards and bullets at the same time," said the sleek man, "especially when I ain't been given no time to draw. But I'll go up on the hill with you, and if you'll play a fair game with guns we'll settle it that-a-way. I didn't reckon on a parson playin' the two games at once. Who air y' anyway?"

"I was Bill Barney before I saw the error of my way and got converted. Now I'm the Rev. William Barney, at your service."

A scarcely perceptible shudder passed over the sleek man. "Very well," he said: "I'll fight you on the hill, and I'll be there tomorrow morning at the rise o' the sun."

With that he rose from his seat and walked away, the parson keeping an eye on him till he was out of sight. Every one present knew that he had gone for good. Bill Barney before his conversion had been the worst man in the territory to tackle, and no one had ever tackled him successfully.

After the sleek man's departure the parson turned to the man whose money he had saved and said:

"Young feller, don't make a fool of yourself again with card sharpeners, but give your money to your wife to keep. Now come up to the meetin' and re-

turn thanks for the kindness the Lord has sent you. Come, gents."

Although the invitation was given simply as such, every one present obeyed it as an order. One man of a curious mind lagged behind and turned over the sleek man's cards. He had held four queens.

The Rev. William Barney remained a week in camp, holding meetings every day. The sleek man did not appear.—Eunice Winsor.

Old West Point.

One thinks of old West Point nowadays as the place where Uncle Sam's officers are made, and not as a result of fashion. But Weymar Jay Mills relates in the August Delineator, that in the ante-bellum days it was the custom of the gay world to spend the month of September there and for fond mammas to bring their daughters each autumn to lay siege to the cadets. "In the fifties a West Point hop was the Mecca of every girl's ambition." Mr. Mills writes, "A hall filled with swaying crimolines and boys in gray and white. The glorious band giving forth 'The Blue Danube.' Then dancing was a delight. Flirtation Walk was a celebrated trysting spot when West Point was in its prime. But a few feet in width at 'Danger Point,' it was an ideal place for cadet to wander with the maid of his choice. In its green mazes hearts and tokens were lost and stolen. One daughter of the Empire state owned to have captured seventy-five buttons from admirers when loitering there. In those days a familiar figure at the Point was General Winfield Scott. Erect of figure, with fire still lingering in his old eyes, he stalked through the streets or rode in the carriage which no one dared precede. In the spring of 1866 the old general, who might have been called the Father of the Academy, such was his love for the place, fell asleep there. His last words to his body servant were characteristic: 'Peter, take good care of my horse.' Many a youth alive with patriotism has thrilled at this parting command of the great warrior."

Her Hour's Work.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said the lawyer to a delicate-looking woman in the witness box.

"Well," she said after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended a rent in Nellie's dress."

"Then I tidied up my sitting room, and made two beds, and watered my house plants, and glanced over the morning paper."

"Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed some lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed on a button on one of her little shoes; and then I swept my passage and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday."

"Then I fed my canary and cleared off the breakfast table, and gave the grocery man an order and swept around the back door, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all."—Tit-bits.

When to Part Hair in the Middle.

The girl with a high forehead should wear her hair drawn low over her brow.

The round shapely head looks well with a soft puff of hair at the apex of the neck.

A wise woman never curls or frizzes or overdresses her hair if it is beautiful of itself.

If she has a low, smooth, white brow she should brush her hair well off the forehead.

Every woman should study her own style. If she looks best with her hair low then low she should wear it.

For elderly matrons the pompadour is dignified and stately, and it seems to increase the height of stout women.

The girl with an intellectual brow of a fair share of youthful beauty can afford to draw her hair back in loose waves, sans pompadour or parts, and coil it on the neck.

Hot Bed for Chickens.

Last year I raised five hundred chickens, hatching them with hens taking them away from the hens and brooding them in an abandoned hot bed, says a writer in the August Country Life in America. Did you ever hear of making a brooder or a hot bed? No. Neither did I until I tried it last spring, and I can truly say that I never raised finer chickens than those who passed their early life in the famous hotbed. I say "famous," for people came from all around to see it. They came to laugh, but they remained to say, "Well, I never!"

If you don't like certain persons, how you have to hear their money rattle.

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE.

I wish I was in the land o' cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on a frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.

Don't wish I was in Dixie,
Hooryay! Hooryay!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To lib and die in Dixie!

Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Old Missus marry "Will de weaber,"
William was a gay deceiver,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

But when he puts his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all the gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig tomorrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
In Dixie's land I'm bound to trubble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Woman's Way of Escape.

Two men sat next her table at luncheon. They were suburbanites and suburbanite small talk engrossed their tongues and attention. She was a careful, though not intrusive listener. So she seemingly bent her head to the business in hand the whole her ears were eagerly occupied with the aforementioned small talk.

In a few moments she learned that the topic of conversation was a wonderful suburban ball game played between a married man's nine and a single men's nine. The married men had won.

"I tell you," said one, "it was a great game. Do you remember when Jimmie batted that liner out to left field when the score was 23 to 23 in the ninth, and how I went after it and caught him at second?"

"You bet," replied the other, "that coup decided the game in your favor, but the thing I can't understand about it is that your nine, you old married men, won out!"

"Oh, that's easy," returned the Benedict. "We married men are well cared for. Our nerve is always with us. We don't have to watch the grand stand for the approval of a sweet young thing just as a beautiful filer is searing toward us."

The young man disputed the point, and, through friendly, the argument waxed warm. Finally the elder man espied the young woman. "I tell you what," said he, "I'll leave it to that girl."

"All right," chimed in his vis-a-vis; "ask her."

The attention of the entire tea-room was centered upon them by this time, and with the turn in the conversation the young woman was now the cynosure of all eyes. They approached and put the question to her, but being a discreet young woman, as well as wholly unentangled, she threw them into confusion, much to the delight of the onlookers, by slowly folding her napkin, rising slowly from her chair, and with a withering glance at her flabbergasted interrogators, stalked proudly from the room.

Amid audible giggles the men soon followed her.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mirror Gazing Shortens Life.

How much time during her life does the average woman spend before her mirror? To this difficult question an answer has been furnished by a patient observer.

Taking a period beginning at the sixth year and ending at the seventieth he says that a girl from six to ten years old remains every day about ten minutes before her mirror; from ten to fifteen years years old, a quarter of an hour; from fifteen to twenty years old twenty-two minutes, and from twenty to twenty-five years old, twenty-five minutes. From her twenty-fifth to her thirtieth year the average woman spends not less than half an hour each day before her looking glass.

Women, as they grow older, he says spend less time in this way, so that from fifty to sixty years old only six minutes are thus occupied daily. Thus the total amount of time spent by the average woman is practically eight months, including nights.

First Magazine Editor.—Why do you have so many blood medicine ads in your periodicals?

Second Magazine Editor.—To improve its circulation.—San Francisco Call.

The courage of one's convictions is an excellent thing, but it should never be allowed to become unyoked from the discretion of one's reason.—Puck

THE CAPITAL METALS.

Iron and Copper Deposits May Be Exhausted.

Of the metals two are cardinal in importance, iron and copper. The rest may be of great utility, but they are not absolutely necessary to civilization and do not materially affect its course, writes Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard university, in the International Quarterly. The "mainstays of our existing civilization among the metals are iron and copper."

Now, how about the supply? In Europe the deposits of minable iron ores, "long in service, are beginning to be exhausted." "Great Britain has practically consumed its store," and now practically all the supply for its furnaces is imported. The Mediterranean supply, Prof. Shaler computes, cannot last for many decades to come. The ore beds of central Europe are "not likely to meet the demands of a hundred years." Extensive deposits of rich ores in Scandinavia and in Belgium and France have hardly begun to be drawn on yet at anything like the present rate of increase in the consumption of metallic iron. Prof. Shaler estimates that even with these the European sources of supply will not hold out for a century.

In this country the conditions for a long continuance of iron production are more promising, and the "best placed field" for it in North America or in the world, save northern China, is "the central section of the Mississippi valley, mainly between the great river and the Appalachian system of mountains and northward beyond the great lakes to the headwaters of the streams flowing into Hudson bay;" yet "it is a question" if even this store will supply the demands of the future, and "it is in a high measure improbable that within the United States any new fields of notable value remain to be discovered," in addition to those which have been known for 31 years and more.

The other field known field in the other continents than Europe and America is in China, "under conditions of climate and labor which promise a cheaper product than has been obtained in any other district;" and it is this condition which to Prof. Shaler's mind gives to the Japanese-Russian war its greatest importance to the world, for on the control of these resources "depends in large measure the economic mastery of the Pacific ocean." He computes that the deposits other than those of China which can produce iron at the present low labor cost "will almost certainly be exhausted within 100 years."

What will become of civilization without iron and copper? There may succeed an "aluminum age," which will carry us "almost as far beyond that of iron as we advanced when that metal replaced bronze in the mechanic arts." Within 50 years the market price of aluminum has fallen till it is now only about one-tenth of what it was, yet Prof. Shaler says that "he would be a confident man who, on this basis of computation, looked forward to a time when aluminum could be economically produced for less than \$200 a ton," and he reaches the conclusion that "with any methods now conceivable, we have to reckon that while aluminum is likely in time to take the dominant place now held by iron, it will do so at a cost in terms of labor far higher than what men now pay for their capital metal."

As to gold, the gain in the world's store of it is going forward so rapidly that Prof. Shaler thinks that "within a few decades" we shall "contrive some other means of measuring values than by the ancient device of balancing them against a substance of which the supply is excessive." Silver he calls "now a forlorn element, a very pauper among metals;" "valueless in the arts;" "the status it retains due to sentimental considerations, which are likely to soon pass away;" "In a century, says for use as fractional currency, it is likely to be quite neglected."

A Thrilling Fact.

"Suppose," said the wise orator—"though 'tis a thought stupendous Suppose a baby one year old with arm: of the tremendous Length of ninety-three odd million miles, should in a freak of fun, Reach up and touch the sun? That child would be 263

Years old, I'm told, Before it learned Its hand was burned!" —St. Nicholas

Positive Proof.

The late Emory Storrs of Chicago, in calling one day at the office of a lawyer, noted as the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, was informed that the silent attorney was out. He told the clerk he was quite certain the gentleman was in, and was again assured that such was not the case. "I know better," insisted Storrs; "he must be in, because it's so still in there."—Law Notes.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship and all English and Commercial branches thoroughly taught by experienced teachers. Highest endorsements, elegant apartments. For illustrated catalogue and list showing hundreds of pupils in positions address C. T. SMITH, PRINCIPAL, 417 Arlington Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Brown's Business College

1115 GRAND AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO., 'Phones 8, 822 Grand, H. 5591 Main.

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER.

PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY . . . 3 MONTHS \$18.00
MCKEE'S NEW STANDARD SHORTHAND . . . 18 MONTHS \$25.00
GREGG SHORTHAND . . . 18 MONTHS \$28.00
VOUCHER BOOKKEEPING . . . 18 MONTHS \$30.00
Send Cash Now. 25 per cent Discount. Enter when Convenient.
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE AND FOLDER, "POSITIONS GUARANTEED."

The Kansas City Veterinary College,

Especially constructed College Building. Experienced Instructors. Excellent Equipment. Thorough Course. Large Hospital. Daily Clinics. Many opportunities as Practitioners, Teachers, Investigators, Sanitary Officers, Army Veterinarians, U. S. Inspectors.
Grad. states Eligible to Government Appointments. Positions Now Open.
FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 14. CATALOGUE AND FURTHER INFORMATION SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO DR. S. STEWART, Sec'y, 1393 E. 15th St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Clark's Commercial & Shorthand School

F. C. CLARK, PROPRIETOR 710 MINNESOTA AVE. KANSAS CITY, KAS.

Author of CLARK'S TANGIBLE SHORTHAND. Most complete system published. Send for sample lesson.

A YOUNG MAN WITH LITTLE MONEY

Can educate himself at the KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY. Many students earn from three to ten dollars per week. Address D. S. STEPHENS, Chancellor, Kansas City, Kansas.

VARICOCELE

A safe, painless, permanent cure guaranteed. Twenty-five years' experience. No money accepted until patient is well. CONSULTATION AND VALUABLE BOOK FREE, by mail or at office. Write to

DR. C. M. COE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

U. S. G. HUGHES, M. D.

Office—1124 Main Street, KANSAS CITY, MO.

OBSTETRICAL CASES A SPECIALTY.

A private hospital for care confinement cases exclusively. Correspondence and patronage of physicians solicited, and fullest investigation invited.

CASH

For your farm, ranch, home or business, no matter what it is worth or where located, if you want your property sold quickly, send us description and price. We quickly furnish cash buyers. If you want to buy a business or property of any kind, anywhere, tell us your requirements. We have or can get what you want.

N. B. JOHNSON & CO., 360 Bank Commerce Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.



W. S. Holland, M. D., Marshall, Mo. "Hemorroids is the only remedy known to me that will cure piles."

R. E. Holloway, ex-member school board, Marshall, Mo. "I cheerfully add my testimony as to the efficacy of your new pills. I was so afflicted that I was incapacitated to attend to business. I was a great sufferer; but one half box of your Hemorrhoid has completely cured me."

J. M. Huff, member city council, Marshall, Mo. "I am an old man, had suffered nearly 60 years with piles; I had despaired at my age of ever getting well; but this was before I knew of Hemorrhoid. The use of that wonderful remedy for about six weeks removed the long and often excruciating affliction. I have been perfectly well for over six years."

A. J. Graves, Farmer and Stockman, Marshall, Mo. "It is the best healing salve for sores on stock, I have ever used—wounds or any other kind of sores. It is of great value to the farmer during the cropping season."

Thos. W. Lacy, Cashier Farmers Savings Bank, Marshall, Mo. "It heals sores upon human or brute in an incredible short time. I buy a year's supply of it at a time. I regard it as a household necessity."

Write at once for Free package of the most renowned remedy known to-day. The testimony of thousands. Address: The Hemorrhoid Co., Marshall, Mo., U. S. A.

The Publishers Newspaper Union, Kansas City, Mo., Vol. VI, No. 13.

"We'd be glad to have you among us," said Mrs. Starvorn; "all our boarders are quite refined."

"Yes," replied the inquirer, "the few I've seen look positively spirituelle, almost dapsanous. It scares me."—Philadelphia Press.

"Now would be a good time for a naval battle between Russia and Switzerland."

"But Switzerland hasn't any navy."

"I know; that's why it would be a nice even thing."—Houston Post.

The Summer Girl—To a certain extent she reminds me of the Mormon elders.
"Indeed? In what way?"
"She believes in plural engagements."—Puck.
Daisy Gushby—Oh, you darling! just heard of your engagement today! Classy Summergirl—Which one?—Town and Country.

DR. COE'S SANITARIUM.

LOCATED AT 805 W. WYANDOTT ST. KANSAS CITY, MO.



BEST INVALID'S HOME IN THE WEST. Organized with a full staff of physicians and surgeons for treatment of all Chronic Diseases. THIRTY ROOMS for accommodation of patients.

Difficult Surgical Operations Performed with Skill and Success where necessary. Experience.

DISEASES OF WOMEN Well equipped to treat diseases of women. Many who have suffered for years cured at home. Special book for women FREE.

VARICOCELE Radically Cured in Ten Days, under a Positive Guarantee. Send for Special FREE Book.

GRIPPLED CHILDREN CURED by improved methods. Trained attendants.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK ON Club Feet, Curvature of Spine, Eye, Skin, Stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Epilepsy, Catarrh, Blood and Stomach Troubles, Nervous Diseases.

Patients successfully treated at home by mail. Consultation Free and confidential, at office or by letter. This year's experience. 170 pages illustrated Book Free, giving much valuable information. Call at office or write to

DR. C. M. COE, OFFICE, 915 WALNUT ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

A. T. Kelly, state treasurer, has succeeded in securing a personal bond for 1 million dollars. Kelly returned home Sunday night from Kansas City. The bond will be ready for the executive council, should it meet to-day. A meeting of the council will be held at L. L. Dayhoff returns. Dayhoff is needed to make a quorum. Treasurer Kelly made the assertion last night that he could secure bond for 3 million dollars if given until August 1. Kelly would not discuss the signers of his new bond.—Topeka dispatch.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"Ye don't seem as popular as ye was wld the Richman's cook," said the first policeman.

"No, an' the more fool I," replied the other one. "I got a new suit o' sitzizen's clothes the o-er day that I was proud of, an' I foolishly let her see me in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Daisy—Did Harry blush when he proposed?

Maisie—I didn't notice. I was busy looking to see if my Gibson pose was all right in the mirror.—Chicago News.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & ARVIN. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Young Kallow's time seems to be fully occupied just now."

"How's that? He has left college and he certainly hasn't gone to work yet."

"No, but he's raising a mustache."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Was it hot out there?"
"Hot? The cockoo stayed in the clock and cuckooed."—Puk.